

Ant. Ile be thy Second.
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
 (Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
 Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
 (That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this extatic
 May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too aufterely punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends, for I
 Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
 Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
 I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
 I ratifie this my rich guilt: O *Ferdinand*,
 Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
 For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
 And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleeue it
 Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
 If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy right, be ministred,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
 Sower-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly
 That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
 As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
 With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion,
 Our worser Genius can, shall neuer melt
 Mine honor into lust, to take away
 The edge of that dayes celebration,
 When I shall thinke, or *Phobus* Steeds are founderd,
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke;
 Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
 What *Ariell*; my industrious seruāt *Ariell*.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaneer fellowes, your last seruice
 Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
 In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
 (Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
 Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
 Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
 Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,
 And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
 Each one tripping on his Toe,
 Will be here with mop, and mowe,
 Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
 Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Pro. Look thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
 Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
 To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abstinentious,
 Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
 The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heame
 Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
 Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & perty.

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
 Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
 Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibbling Sheepe,
 And flat Medes thetched with Stouer, them to keepe:
 Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
 Which spongeie *Aprill*, at thy best betrimms;
 To make cold Nymphes chaste crownes; & thy broome-
 Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues, (groues;
 Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge Ririle, and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
 Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
 Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraine grace, *Inno*
 Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place *descends*.

To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres*.
Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
 Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
 Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
 Diffusest honny drops, refreshing showres,
 And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
 My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
 Rich scarp to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
 Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to citate
 On the blest'd Louers.
Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe,
 If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
 Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
 The meanes, that duskie *Diu*, my daughter got,
 Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,
 I haue forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
 Be not afraid: I met her deitie
 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
 Doue: drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
 Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
 Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Mars hot Minion is returnd againe,
 Her waspish headed Sonne, has broke his arrowes,
 Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Higheft Queene of State,
 Great *Inno* comes, I know her by her gate.

In. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
 To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
 And honourd in their Issue.

In. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
 Long continuance, and encreasing,
 Homely ioyes, be still vpon you,

Thy Sing.

Inno

Inno singe her blessings on you.
 Earths increase, joy, plenty,
 Barren, and Carner, neuer empty.
 Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
 Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
 Spring come to you at the furthest
 In the very end of Harvest.
 Scarcity and want shall shun you
 Ceres blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most maiestick vision; and this
 Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
 To thinke these spirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
 I haue from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
 So rare a wonderd Father, and a wise
 Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Inno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
 There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
 Or else our spell is mar'd.

Inno and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.
Ir. You Nymphs call *Nayades* of winding brooks,
 With your feg'd crownes, and euer-harmetle lookes,
 Leauve your cripe channels, and on this greene-Land
 Answere your summons. *Inno* do's command:
 Come temperate Nymphes, and helpe to celebrate
 A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nymphes.
 You Sun-burn'd Sickle-men of August weary,
 Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
 Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
 And these fresh Nymphes encounter euery one
 In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with
 the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end where-
 of, *Prospero* starts suddenly, and speaks, after which to a
 strange hollow and confused noise, they beuailly vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
 Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confederates
 Against my life: the minute of their plot
 Is almost come: Well done, auoid: no more.

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
 That workes him strongly.

Mr. Neuer till this day
 Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd sort,
 As if you were dismay'd: be cheerefull Sir,
 Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
 And like the baselesse fabrick of this vision
 The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallacer,
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
 Leauve not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
 As dreames are made on; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,
 Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmities,
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
 And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
 To still my beating minde.

Fer. *Mr.* We wish your peace.

Exit.

Pro. Come with a tho

Ar. Thy thoughts

Pro. Spirit: We mu

Ar. I my Command

I thought to haue told t

Least I might anger the

Pro. Say again, where

Ar. I told you Sir, th

So full of valour, that th

For breathing in their fa

For kissing of their feete

Towards their proiect: t

At which like vnback't c

Aduanc'd their eye-lids,

As they smelt musicke; t

That Calfe-like, they my

Tooth'd briars, sharpe fir

Which entred their fraile

I'th' filthy mantled pool

There dancing vp to th'e

Ore-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well do

Thy shape inuisible retai

The trumpery in my hour

For stale to catch these th

Pro. A Deuill, a borne

Nurture can neuer sticke

Humanely taken; all, all

And, as with age, his bod

So his minde cankers: I w

Euen to roaring: Come; h

Enter Ariell, laden with

Caliban, *Stephano*, &

Cal. Pray you tread sof

not heere a foot fall: we n

St. Monster, your Fairy

Has done little better ther

Trin. Monster, I do sme

My nose is in great indign

St. So is mine. Do y

Take a displeasure again

Trin. Thou wert but a

Cal. Good my Lord, g

Be patient, for the prize I

Shall hudwinke this misch

All's hush as midnight ye

Trin. I, but to loose ou

St. There is not onely d

Monster, but an infinite lo

Tr. That's more to me t

Yet this is your harmlesse F

St. I will fetch off my h

Though I be o're cares for

Cal. Pre-thee (my King)

This is the mouth o'th Cell

Do that good mischeefe, w

Thine owne for euer, and I

For aye thy foot-licker.

St. Giue me thy hand,

I do begin to haue bloody

Trin. O King *Stephano*, C

Looke what a wardrobe h

Cal. Let it alone thou so

Tr. Oh, ho, Monster: y

fripperry, O King *Stephano*.